SUNRISE GLORIES.

As I stand and watch the glories of the rising summer sun—
Count the changes as they hasten, each so marvelous, one by one—
As I see reflected beauties glint the shimmering ocean wave,
Let me ask, are scenes more wondrous in the land beyond the grave?
From the hour when night is darkest, from the thickest of the gloom,
Spears of golden light shoot upward with a touch of heaven's illume;
Then a tiny cloud that's floating far away in eastern sky,
Turns a burnished golden beauty, herald of the King on high.

See a bank of clouds low lying, dark and gloomy, cheerless all,
Till they catch a gleam of glory from heaven's shining ball;
Now sweet rosy fingers paint them, line each pinnacle with red,
Decks with streams of light and welcome the rising sun from ocean bed,

Towards the zenith, light and fleecy, float still other vapory forms,
Soon resplendent they are shining with creation's grandest charms.
'Mid such wondrous matchless beauty—glories born above the earth—
Comes the god of day to brighten the life and hope Heaven gives to earth.

Hath our Maker given to us, at the dawn of each new day,
Visions of celestial glory to illumine life's dark way?
Ay, He paints life's somber shadows with the hues of burnished gold,
Hinting of eternal glory in the land that ne'er grows old!
—Oscar B. Smith, in N. Y. Observer.

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CHAPTER XIX.

That night there was rejoicing at the new stockade. For over a week not a courier had managed to slip through in either direction. Alarmed for the safety of the little garrison, the commanding officer of the post away up at the gorge of the Big Horn river had sent two troops of cavalry to scout the slopes of the mountains and look into the state of affairs at Warrior Gap. They found countless fresh pony tracks all along the foothills east of the Greasy Grass and in the valleys of the many forks of the Deje Agie—the Crow name for Tongue river—but not an Indian did they see. They marched in among the welcoming officers and men at the bustling post to find themselves hailed as heroes. "We've been cut off from the world for at least ten days," said the commandant. "Our couriers have been killed, captured or driven back. Even our half-breed scouts refuse to make further trial. They say Red Cloud's people cover the land in every direction. Our woodchoppers only work under heavy guard. The contractors, freighters and workmen threaten to strike unless they get their money. The sutler refuses them further credit. The quartermaster has paid out every cent and says his requisition for $10,000 was ordered filled, and the money ought to have been here a week ago. All will have to stop if the money doesn't come. We're safe enough. The Sioux don't dare come within range of our breechloaders. But we can't finish the barracks in time for winter at this rate."

A stout-hearted soldier was the commanding officer at Warrior Gap. He had with him now four strong companies of infantry and a troop of horse. He had, he said, but one anxiety, so far as holding the fort was concerned—some few of the officers and quite a number of the soldiers, as has been told, were burdened with their wives and children. If these could only be moved under strong guard to Frayne on the Platte, he could snap his fingers in the face of Red Cloud and his whole gang until they too got breech-loaders. "It's only a question of time!" said he. "Sooner or later the interior department will be fool enough to arm the redskins all over the land with magazine rifles, and then there will be lively work for the war office. Any day," said he, further, "we may expect the coming of a whole regiment from the Platte posts, and then Mr. Lo will have to light out. Meantime, if we hadn't this trouble about the workmen and could get rid of the women and children, we'd be all right."

So back to the Big Horn rode the squadron to report all safe at Warrior Gap, barring the blockade, and almost on the same date out there started from Laramie, on the long march up the Platte and over across the sage-covered deserts, a strong force of foot and dragoons; and up from the Sweetwater, far to the southwest, came this venturesome little party of ten, bringing the much-demanded money, and all the while, with his far-riding, far-seeing scouts in every direction, Machpealota, perched in the mountains back of the building post, warily watched the dispositions and daily work, and laid his plans accordingly. Not a warrior was permitted to show himself near the stockade, but in a sleepless cordon, five miles out, they surrounded the Gap. Not a messenger had managed to elude their vigilance by day, not one had succeeded in slipping into the little camp by night. Yet with every succeeding morn the choppers and fatigue parties pushed farther out from the stockade, in growing sense of security, and the Indians let them come.

Full a week before the Laramie column could possibly reach the mountains, however, Red Cloud was warned of their coming, their numbers, and composition—so many horse soldiers, so many "heap walks." Unmolested, the squadron from Fort C. F. Smith, the Big Horn River post, was permitted to retrace its steps. In fancied safety, born of confidence in that wonderful new breechloader, the little command at the Gap was lulled to indifference to their surroundings. Then sending large numbers of his young men to round up buffalo toward the Platte, but keeping still his stern and vengeful eye upon the prey almost at his feet, the red chief made his final and fatal plans.

There came a cloudless morning when the cavalry troop escorted a young officer up the rocky heights to the west, finding everywhere indications of recent Indian occupancy, but not a redskin barred their way. Without opposition of any kind, without so much as a glimpse of the foe, were they permitted to climb to Signal Rock, and from that point, with powerful glasses, the officers swept the glorious range of foothills, the deep valley of the Tongue, the banks of the Piney and the Crazy Woman, the far-spreading upland prairie rolling away like some heaving ocean suddenly turned to earth, east and southeast to the dim horizon, and there they saw, or thought they saw, full explanation of their recent freedom from alarm of any kind. There to the south, full thirty miles away, the land was overlaid by a dull, heavy, dun-colored cloud, and traversed by black streaks or blotches that were recognized at once as running buffalo. Red Cloud and his braves then were drawn away in search of other game, and, light of heart and foot, the troopers trotted back to the waiting stockade, to meet there late that evening, as the weird tattoo of the drums and fifes was echoing back from the rocky heights, the first messenger through in nearly fifteen days—a half-breed Sioux from a distant post along the Platte, bearing a written message from the commanding officer at Frayne, which the veteran commandant read with infinite comfort:

"Seven companies of infantry and three more troops of cavalry are on the way and should reach you by Saturday week. The general seems thoroughly alive to the situation, and we, too, are hoping for orders to move out and help you give that infernal old scoundrel the thrashing he deserves. All has been quiet hereabouts since that one party made its dash on Hal Folsom's ranch. Of course you know the story of Lizette, and of course Red Cloud must have known that Burning Star was head devil in that enterprise, though Chaska was the victim. I take much comfort in the fact that it was I who sent young Dean and his troop round by way of the Laramie. Folsom and his people would have been murdered to a man if I hadn't, and yet I hear that absurd old ass at Emory put Dean in arrest for not coming directly home. Pecksniff should have been retired ten years ago—for imbecility.

"We had a tremendous storm in the mountains to the south two days ago and a courier has just galloped out from Emory, inquiring for news of Dean. It seems he was sent with a big sum of currency for your quartermaster, and ordered to slip through by way of Sweetwater, as Red Cloud was known to be covering the direct road. Somehow it leaked out before he started, and a gang of desperadoes gathered to jump him at Canyon Springs. The storm jumped them, for two of their dead and a dozen horses were rolled out on the flats. Dean must have got through all right, for

The outer ones supported their comrade in the center.

Bat saw their trail fifteen miles above us. Of course, he'll have to make night marches; but, unless Red Cloud gets wind of his coming and corrals him, he should reach you almost as soon as this. Michel, the bearer, has your dispatches and orders. Retained copies are here. Good luck, old man, and may we meet within the fortnight and wind up Red Cloud once and for all time."

This was all, but more than enough. Riding night and day in wide detour, Michel had made his way to the lately beleaguered spot, and what he brought was joyous news, indeed. Within the coming week the post would have no more to fear. Within a day or two the contractors, then, would have their money, and that would tap the sutler's stores and joy would reign supreme. Enviously the soldiers eyed the artisans. Not for weeks could their paymaster be looked for, while the funds for the civilians might reach them on the morrow, provided Red Cloud did not interfere. He couldn't and wouldn't, said the commander, because he and his braves were all off to the southeast, hunting buffalo. He could and might, said Michel that night at ten o'clock, after taps had sent the garrison to bed, for by the time he left Frayne there were other riders up from Gate City, and all the garrison had learned that Lieut. Dean was taking something like fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks up to the Gap, with only ten men to guard it, and Maj. Burleigh was wild with anxiety lest he shouldn't get through, and had been nearly crazy since he heard of Dean's narrow escape at Canyon Springs. The officer of the day who heard this story told it, with the teller, to the post commander, and that veteran sat up late and cross-questioned long. Michel's English might be broken, but not his statement. The last arrival at Frayne before he left was one of Maj. Burleigh's own men from Gate City. He said the general and his staff were expected at Emory the next day, investigating matters, for old Stevens had got stampeded because his sergeant major was assaulted and old Folsom knocked out and a drunken captain by the name of Newhall had been making trouble and it had all told on Maj. Burleigh, who had taken to his bed with nervous prostration.

So, while the garrison went to rest happy, the commanding officer waked long, and finally slept soundly and might have slept late, but that just at dawn, full half an hour before the time for reveille, there came a sharp knocking at the door of his log hut, and the imperative voice of the officer of the day:

"Colonel, colonel, I say! There's sharp firing out here in the hills to the south!"

The peaks to the west were just tinging with purple and red, reflected from the eastward sky, and a faint light was beginning to steal down into the deep valley in which the cantonment lay sleeping, when the veteran commander came hurrying out, half dressed, and hied him, with his attendant officer, to the southern angle of the stockade. There on the narrow ledge or platform built under the sharp tops of the upright logs, were grouped the silent, grave-faced guard, a dozen men, intently listening. Thither presently came running others of the officers or men, suddenly awakened by sense of something unusual going on. Far away among the wooded heights to the south, echoing from the rocky palisades to the west, could be heard the pop, pop of distant musketry, punctuated sometimes with louder bang as of large caliber rifles closer at hand. Little time was there in which to hazard opinion as to the cause. One or two men, faint-hearted at the thought of the peril of Indian battle and hopeful of influencing the judgment of their superiors, began the murmur of "big hunt," "buffalo drive," etc., glancing furtively at the colonel the while as though to observe the effect. But an imperative "Silence, you idiots!" from the officer of the day put sudden end to their conjectures. Only a moment did the commander listen. Then, quick and startling, came the order: "Sound to arms!" and within the minute the stirring peal of the cavalry trumpet was answered by the hoarse thunder of the snare drum, beating the long roll. Out from their "dog tents" and half-finished log huts came the bewildered men. Often as the alarm had sounded on the frontier there was a thrill and ring about it this time that told of action close at hand. Out from the little huts, hurrying into their frock coats and belting on their swords as they glared about them for the cause of the uproar, came the officers, old and young, most of them veterans of many hard-fought fields of the war days—one or two, only, youngsters fresh from the Point. At many a doorway and unglazed window appeared the pallid faces of women and children, some of them weeping in mingled fright and distress. In front of the log guardhouse the sergeant quickly formed the two reliefs not on post. On their designated parades the companies rapidly fell in, while stern-voiced non-commissioned officers rebuked the laggards and aided them into their belts, and each first sergeant took rapid note of his men. No need to call the roll, a skulker would have been detected and kicked into the ranks at the instant. Over under the rough board shelter of the quartermaster's employes the workmen came tumbling out in shirt sleeves, many of them running to the nearest officer and begging for a gun and a place in the fight, for now the firing was loud and lively. Down by the swift flowing stream the tethered horses of the cavalry plunged and neighed in excitement, and the mules in the quartermaster's corral set up their irrepressible bray. For five minutes there was clamor, but no confusion. Then disciplined silence reigned again, all but the nearing volleying at the south. Presently, at rapid trot the cavalry, some 50 strong, came clattering up the stony trail from the stream and with carbines advanced disappeared through the main gateway in a cloud of dust. Two companies were told off to man the loopholes of the stockade. Two others under the command of a senior captain faced by the right flank, and in double-quick time danced away in the wake of the cavalry. Eagerly the watchers climbed the wooden walls or to the tower of the half-finished guardhouse, and, as the red light strengthened in the east and the mountain sides became revealed, studied with their glasses or with straining eyes the southward vista through the hills. They saw the troop form line to the front at the gallop as it swept out over the open ground 400 yards away, saw its flankers scurry to the nearest shoulder of bluff, saw their excited signals and gesticulations, and presently a sheaf of skirmishers shot forward from the advancing line and breasted the low ridge 800 yards out from the fort, and then there came floating back the sound of ringing, tumultuous cheer as the skirmishers reached the crest and darted headlong at some unseen object beyond, and after them went the reserve, cheering too. And now the sound of firing became fierce and incessant, and messengers came galloping back to the commander of the steadily advancing infantry, and they, too, were seen to throw forward heavy skirmish lines and then resume the march. And then, down over the ridge came a little knot of horsemen, made up of three men riding close together, the outer ones supporting between them the comrade in the center. Before they were within 400 yards the young adjutant, gazing through his glasses at the colonel's side, exclaimed: "It's Dean—dead or wounded!" and one of the surgeons rushed forward to meet the party. "He's weak, sir, almost gone from loss of blood," exclaimed Trooper Conroy, himself bleeding from a gash along the cheek. A faint smile drifted over the young fellow's pallid face as the adjutant, too, galloped up. A feeble hand indicated the bulging saddle pocket. A faint voice faltered: "There's $10,000 in that packet. We had to fight our way through," and then the brave blue eyes closed and strong arms lifted the almost lifeless form from the saddle as Marshall swooned away.

[To Be Continued.]

REVELING IN COIN.

The Pleasant Pastime of a Wealthy Merchant Who Went Insane.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing that certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist, and under his advice became an inmate of a private asylum. For 12 years his recreation was the piling up of gold coins and then knocking them over, says Youth's Companion. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting-room and in 12 months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by making $500,000. He died of yellow fever in Cuba, where he had gone to look after his sugar plantation.

A similar passion for handling gold coin is now and then exhibited by men who suddenly become rich. George Augustus Sala, in his "Life and Adventures," tells of a London journalist who speculated in railroad stocks. His first venture netted him $5,000. Drawing it in gold, he repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Pactolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he felt pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the wonderful violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted on being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Devil." It took; the publisher paid him for the first volume $10,000 in gold. The author carried the coin to his bedroom, poured it into a foot-bath, and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking, meanwhile, the biggest of Havanas.

The love of money is one of the dangerous passions.

One Good Turn.

Sir Henry Hawkins, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Brampton after a long term on the criminal bench, was a notable terror to evildoers. Toward the close of his career he happened to arrive at a railway station, and was at once accosted by a rough fellow who seemed very anxious to assist him in handling his baggage.

Struck with his friendliness, Sir Henry said: "You seem very desirous of helping me, my friend."

"That's what I am, sir," replied the man. "You see, sir, once you did me a good turn."

"Yes?" asked the judge. "When and where, pray?"

"Well," said the fellow, "it was when ye 'ung Crooked Billy. Me an' Billy onct was pals, but we fell out, and Billy says as 'ow next time 'e dropped eyes on me 'e'd do for me with a knife. I knowed Billy, and knowed 'e do as 'e said; and so 'e would, sir, if you 'adn't 'ung 'im in time. So I'd like to do you a good turn, too, Sir 'Enry."—Youth's Companion.

Stupidity of Sheep.

The stupidest animal in the world is a plain, everyday sheep. Farmers are never done telling about their stupid doings, productive both of annoyance and financial loss. Here is a specimen case. A valuable sheep was missing, and after a long search the owner concluded that it had been killed by dogs. Some days later, while looking under the barn floor, he saw the missing animal in a salt barrel. The barrel was lying on its side, and the sheep had gone in to lick up the salt which adhered to the sides of the barrel. Finding that it could not go on through, it stopped, and had been there seven days when discovered, without food or drink. And it would have stayed there until it perished. All it had to do was to back out of the barrel, but it hadn't sense enough to do it.—Golden Days.

Only One Told the Truth.

A countryman on a visit to Glasgow, while walking along Argyle street, reading the sign-boards and the tickets in the shop windows, said to his companion: "Hoo can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that and the same wi' the clothes shops tae; they are jist a lot o' leears." They continued along the street until coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Castiron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at ony rate; but any danged fool kens that castiron wad sink."—N. Y. Tribune.

Good Backing.

"I," said the gentleman who had fairly prospered, "am humbly proud of the fact that I took 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' as my motto when I begun business life." "There is nothing," said the second gentleman, who had measured business wits with the first gentleman, "like having good backing."—Indianapolis Press.

When a Circus Is a Success.

A circus cannot be said to have received the highest indorsement unless a boy or two runs away to follow it off.—Atchison Globe.

When Talk Is Cheap.

How freely you talk about your enemy when he is not present!—Atchison Globe.